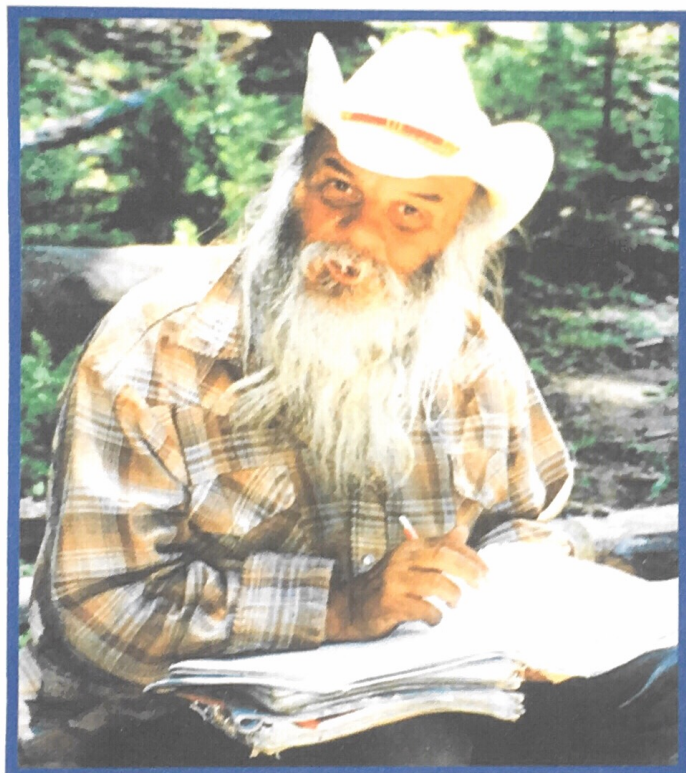




Rainbow Family

Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.
Scanned in 2018.
Jodey Bateman may be
contacted on Facebook.*

04.D BARRY (PLUNKER) ADAMS - "We Are a
People, We Are a
Culture"

[4 of 4]

16 pages

[04.D]

wish was to have Ram Das bless the baby. He gave her a big hug and she went, "Wow!" She's very insecure and it was like giving her dignity and respect. 161

My favorite brother there was a black brother named Charles. Shanti Sena found him rampaging in the brush. Dominic and me went over. Dominic is kind of a wild one himself, but sometimes he has a way of making contact with our wilder and spacier brothers and sisters. Charles was giving a speed rap like a machine gun about the battles of Vietnam and the ghettos. If anyone got too close to him, he would attack them. Dominic matched his speed rap with this dude's speed rap and it was a pile-up. So I got close enough to this brother to touch him. He wouldn't let other people touch him. He would hit them. He had something around his wrist that showed he was from some hospital. I'm murmuring to him like a horse while his attention is centered on Dominic. I kept rubbing him, trying to get him to let go.

We began to realize he was coming up off downs. We began to realize he was in some sort of shell-shocked situation in Vietnam. Then they downed him out in a hospital. Then he got inside the gathering and lost his pills. Four days later this brother went on with his rap. This brother needed to be listened to. Then someone got him an ax and said, "Ok brother, how about chopping us some wood?" He was calmed down a little depressed, trying to get his cycle straight.

In Oregon we had 72 lodges. It blew our minds. In New Mexico there were 23.

At Oregon there was this elders complex—like a bad disease. It gets in people's mind and you have to uproot it. As I was walking along a trail, I seen a brother carrying some buckets and he said "Hi, Elder."

I said, "What makes you think I'm an elder?"

And he said, "You've been at these gatherings a long time."

I said, "Brother, what are you doing?"

He said, "I'm taking water to a kitchen."

I said, "That makes you an elder." If you are not just receiving

energy, but giving it, that makes you an elder-a warrior-a peacemaker.

With folks wanting to develop an elder system among our own people—that's not good to get into. There are those of us who have known each other a long time. If we ever got to formally recognize that relationship, like who could speak in councils, then a lot of us wouldn't come—including me. That elite thing, closing out others—we don't want that. I know it's hard having an open relationship, but we want to keep that.

The Love Family has a unique place among us. They're patriarchs and they're blatant about it. But the only good thing about that is that they're changing. And we love them. I've seen the Love Family trip inside and out—at least what they show me of it. Love Israel asked me, "What do people think of me?" And I said, "They think of you as a spiritual dictator." But he ain't got no whips and chains to keep people there with him. They make a commitment. They're comfortable being what they are out of free choice.

Brother Love is kind of the rabbi of the Love Family—at least that's the polite way of saying it. At Oregon for the first time he came over and counseled with us. It took a lot of trust. It was almost radical. For the first time the masters of the earth sat on the ground with all us devotees and started working on being brothers and sisters.

It rained in Oregon. It was cold—really hard core right until the morning of the Fourth of July. Then it was bright and sunny.

At the Vision Council, thousands of people got involved. The call went out—"Oregon to Washington!" "Oregon to Arizona!" "Oregon to West Virginia!" That seemed crazy—east of the Mississippi, but we decided first to Arizona, then to West Virginia, then Washington.

We did a superb job of cleanup in Oregon—a brother named Andy was into land erosion. He helped us build check dams in the sides of the mountains. We had piles of stuff at cleanup. That was the last year we didn't recycle. We had two trucks [for garbage].

The Christ Family went into a smorgasbord place barefoot and in blankets—six or eight of them. They got bowls and piled food in. The owner asked, "Where's the money?" and they said, "God sent us." He said, "That's right. Some God." So he called the cops. They kept on eating as the cops came in. The cops realized that if they arrested them, they would have to feed them. So they told them to get out. We paid the bill.

Feather and JaySun were the liaison to El Government for the Arizona Gathering

COMMENT by FEATHER

We were wintering at Luna, New Mexico at 7,000 feet in the mountains. Folks started drifting in to help with the gathering in January, 1979. There was to be a council in Luna April 15 about the gathering. We didn't find a place to have the council until five days before the council when it was snowing like mad. But it stopped snowing and we had a place on Trout Creek. We felt there were some things we had to deal with to live our vision—

BARRY—continued:

—The pruning of the trees. We had to get rid of rip-offs, scammers, alcohol energy. You can be just as rowdy as you please, but not a rip-off. We got plain that we wanted to deal with that kind of energy. We would go to these people as brothers and sisters and look them in the eye and say "Bull shit. Get back."

COMMENT by JAYSUN

There were people who had been with the Family from the beginning and they were taking advantage of being in on how the game is played. We love them, but they have abused the gatherings year after year. A lot of these people showed up. We had 60 people in a beautiful camp in the mountains of New Mexico. We aired it out as a family. It was amazing. The council was a very positive thing.

BARRY—continued

That council has cooled some of them brothers and sisters since then. We can't be ripping each other off. It's that simple.

Me and some brothers went to ACTS 79 an alternative technology show in April, 1979 in Washington DC. We made it into a Peace Village. We were not supposed to sleep there and we did. They didn't want fires and we had a fire place. We were not supposed to get high and we did - in a discreet and cool way. We made friends like the Bronx Frontier people who are introducing alternate technology to the South Bronx - one of the world's biggest disaster areas. In the middle of houses that have been bombed out by arsonists, they plant gardens. They liked everything we did - especially when we cleaned up.

At the end of ACTS 79, there was one of the most massive anti-nuclear marches in history - 125,000 people. All the regulars were there like Jane Fonda and Jackson Brown and Tom Hayden. They weren't sure what they wanted from us - they wanted us to be janitors. They had their own kind of elite format - a star complex that's deadly to the planet. We had to slide our way on the stage past all the guards to ask the people to pick up the place before they went. We had people in the crowd with bags for people to put the litter in. About 300 of us went behind to pick up the rest of the trash.

COMMENT by JAYSUN

At the same time, Sunny and Feather went to Mount Taylor to protest the uranium milling and mining on Hopi and Navajo land. The Mount Taylor April Alliance held their first annual gathering on April 29 while ACTS 79 was going on.

COMMENT BY SUNNY

Mount Taylor was a call for all traditional native peoples and friends to protest the uranium mining on Mount Taylor, which is one of the sacredst mountains of the Hopi and Navajo people. That was one of the first times the anti-nuke movement and the traditional native peoples came together. We left 15 people at the gathering seed camp on Trout Creek. Then they moved to the Tularosa River.

COMMENT BY JAYSUN

We made sorties into Arizona to find a site. We found a site on the

Black River, similar to the New Mexico site, but much larger. It's a deep, cold river. The cliffs go up 700 or 800 feet. I'm sure it was a sacred ground for Indians in the old days—but to put eight to ten thousand people in the area when we could hardly get in traveling light—but what about people with wheel chairs and tipi poles and 100 pound sacks of potatoes?

We went to another place. Carlos was carrying his baby. It was snowing all over that site. We were truly taken by that site, but we had trouble finding water and it was hard to find a place for parking.

Roger and Joy moved their bus to what turned out to be the site. They got their bus stuck in the mud there. They were totally dependent on people bringing them food in the snow. The site was small rolling hills and knolls 7,500 or 8,000 feet above sea level with two creeks that came together into a Y. Where they Y'd was the sweets. We saw eight elk there. They didn't move as we walked by. There were beautiful purple irises popping up. We felt really good about it.

COMMENT BY FEATHER

Roger and I cross-country skied into the area in early May.

COMMENT BY JAYSUN

About 25 or 30 people moved on the site earlier than we had hoped. Problems evolve when people move on too early. They had a bit of a rough camp.

BARRY-continued

I got there about the 15th of June. It was a good-looking camp, but I thought another location was better. But most of the council was against moving. They had built a bakery, and when you wonder where the gathering will be, you know when they build a bakery.

COMMENT BY JAYSUN

—but one guy, Deputy Barney Fife who had been a cop at the 1968 Chicago riot, he pulled a brother and sister over at a laundromat and held a pistol on them. We got the sheriff to send him somewhere else.

COMMENT BY FEATHER

Barney really wanted a Rainbow woman. He was cruising.

COMMENT By SUNNY

The deputies held hands with us. They were a little stiff, but they held hands. A&I

COMMENT By JAYSUN

Somebody stuck a rainbow decal on a cop's light.

BARRY-continued

-and we filled a request for several rainbow decals for the other cop cars. The sheriff's showed total respect, but the town of Alpine was totally freaked out.

COMMENT By JAYSUN

It has only 400 people-the only town for 40 miles.

BARRY-continued

Some other people throw rocks at a little old lady but they blamed them Rainbows. We set up a decompression chamber called the OK Corral in Alpine so people wouldn't be getting drunk on the street. But it was OK at the OK. We kept them under control there.

We set up an operations tipi-in other words there was a coffee pot and people could sit there who were part of the work of the gathering. Now we call it the co-operations lodge.

July 4 in Arizona was excellent. We walked up into a higher meadow. It was a huge meadow. There was somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,000 people who sat in perfect silence for two or three hours. Santa Clown-that's Wavy Gravy-got together the annual kids' parade-about 350 people. Then we did a big dance in the tipi circle. Then the kids paraded into the silent circle in the meadow. The people opened their joined hands and made a street of people around the kids' parade. Then they jumped in the air and started clanging their cymbals. It was really magical.

There was a July 6 ceremony for the large families like the Illuminated Elephants, the Shanti Sena Family (also known as Gypsies for Jesus), the Hog Farm, and so forth. The Illuminated Elephants thought it up and filmed it. Just as the Illuminated Elephants started there was a fire in high wind and dry forest. We had to stop and put out the fire. We put out the fire and the Forest Service charged us \$680 for it. At the ceremony, the

Shanti Sena had a Tequila bottle in their routine. The Dog Soldiers had their spears and hub cap helmets.

After the ceremony there was a wedding held for four or five sets of people by Love Israel. One lady wanted to be married to her French poodle. Love said "Oh, no!" This guy named Fred filmed it and some wild Mexican and Guatemalan brothers followed him to his motel in Alpine and told him that if he didn't turn over the film, they'd beat him up. The motel owner called the cops. I went over in my best Shanti Sena manner. Just then, Mario, one of these brothers, took the tapes and put them in the bus of an old Mexican named Luis. I got Fred to tape record for us that he surrendered all rights to the tapes to the Rainbow Family. The other film crew was nude and got stoned with us and didn't show their camera so much.

We had dog food once for dinner at the gathering and then we went to beef. We were called up by the sheriff. Apparently somebody was walking out of the gathering and found the remains of the cow. I probably knew who killed it. There was the rancher with the sheriff. The stock detective was a good being. He said "Whatever you can work out with the rancher is OK with me. But if you do any more, I'll hang your ass." The rancher said, "That was one of my favorites. She was fine."

I said, "How fine? How about \$900?"

He said, "That's fine." So I went and collected the money. We could have got two cows for that price. We presented the money on the invitation to the gathering.

This couple who were leaving had a quarrel. The brother smashes the front of the car with an ax handle and hits the sister upside the head. She wanders off in the woods. The Apache reservation police found a sister on the road and brought her to us. She said she was the sister who had wandered off, but it turns out she wasn't.

On my birthday I was asleep in the operations tent. I get up and find Leroy kicked Carlos in the head and started a fire. (When I met Leroy in Montana he threw my hat in a garbage can.) We surrounded Leroy at breakfast—not totally. The rat fights hardest when he's in a corner. And we counilled with him. One sister decided she was going to heal him. She got with him and he immediately mellowed out. He mellowed out as long as she said yes. She came

over one morning and said she'd been kicked in the head and had a knife at her throat because she said no. So I said "That's when you act." Kicked out of a Rainbow Gathering - that's the last stop. We kept Leroy up at the front gate.

We had a rumor that a sister had been assaulted.

COMMENT BY SUNNY

The panic went out at 11 at night. We called a Mother's Vision council. We had women looking everywhere and brothers looking for the woman who had been raped. Every second or third sister told a rape story or incest. Then the brothers had stories of rape - just heart songs pouring out until the very morning. We never found the rape victim.

BARRY - continued

There was a council with people from 30 different countries.

The sheriff almost came into the gathering with an open search warrant and we said "Bullshit!" We would have to have a definite search warrant, which would let us know how they knew it, which would mean we would know who the narks at the gathering were. They chased one suspect's car with a helicopter and caught him. He kept hollering "I'm a tourist! I'm a tourist!" They took him to town.

The clean-up can be nice. In the early days, we would hang out for clean-up because we could hang out with each other. Most of the folks who are family have met in the set-ups and the clean-ups. That's when we got close to each other. In Arizona, everybody left without picking up garbage. Those of us who stayed behind to pick up picked up 11 mattresses and five tons of glass. There was 60 of us left to clean up - 30 of us barely able to walk from dysentery.

COMMENT BY JAY SUN

There was five cars left in the parking lot. There was a big double mattress mounted in a tree.

COMMENT BY SUNNY

A baby was born while all this was going on. The mother had dysentery.

BARRY - continued

Finally we wound it up by July 17 or something. During the cleanup

when the baby was born, a rainbow appeared. The lady who went in the woods turned up. She had gone home. We left with a truckload of garbage and another car with a brother in a stretcher. He was in a wreck on the way to the gathering and came to it from a hospital.

As I left, I said "Foxfire, you ready to go?"

He said "I'll walk." The last I seen he was walking into the brush. I rode for a long time with the plunker - it's a good instrument. Then these young Chicanos came with sticks. They had a conversation with us about grass. We said we didn't have it. They said "You better have." Then I realized they were trying to lead us away from what they were actually doing and I went back to my bus and found everything was gone, including my plunker.

Wavy Gravy was the instigator of the West Virginia Gathering in 1980. We had an office in Maryland. Charlie Herb was our connection with the hillbillies. The hillbillies think of the Forest Service like revenuers. They have a reputation for disliking government people. Me and Chuck Windsor and Patty arrived in West Virginia to Charlie Herb's house to look for a site May 18. People had been calling the Forest Service from all over the country, so they had a good knowledge of who we were and what we were into - and our criteria for a site.

Charlie Herb and Stephen Principal and a sister named Suzy found a spot in the Three Forks - an abandoned town site. They had been lost when an old timer named Bailey told them about the old town site. They walked through snow and frozen streams and found the site. It was a 50 acre meadow and it was beautiful. It was near a road - we are reluctant to have a site near a road. The government came up with their site. It was up a rocky road on a mountain. A person who will remain anonymous told the government that was OK.

Some Rainbow Gypsies tried to get up that road - Gully Mountain Road. One of the brother's name was Gypsy. The West Virginians have this thing about gypsies. Gypsies have been raiding in the area for 200 years, they've been Peuding, so they had this idea of us. The government was afraid that the site we found was so close to the river we would be skinny dipping in public.

The ranger named Dunchy took us to show us the government's location. I could sense the confrontation vibrations. After seven miles, we came out into this beautiful vista—a very large parking area, but no water. We were looking into a huge strip mine. A lot of people in the area had told us not to drink from water from a strip mine—it might be dangerous. The ranger said "That's not true. I drink from it." And there was a cement platform with rangers burning rubbish on it. One of the sisters said "This place sucks."

The rangers said "Just look at it." The water had pools of orange and green, and the rangers said, "Oh, just look at how much water there is." We said we were worried about our children's safety in such a place. I said, "You reach down and put some of that muck in your mouth and if you don't die, we might gather here. It would take a year to clean this place up." So they called the law enforcement who said, "You will do what you have to do."

We held a council among ourselves in Marlinton, West Virginia. We said, "The government can get heavy like they did in Colorado. It's up to you people from the east coast. If you don't think we can do it, we can find a site in Washington." All the east coast people said they were staying with a site in West Virginia.

So we moved onto the Three Forks in the meadow. We built a little bridge out of rocks over a stream. There was about a dozen of us camped at a stream. We called that Seed Camp. We wanted the rangers to come council with us. They wanted us to come council in their office. They always went us in their offices to fill out their papers. We want them to sit on the ground with us and talk about agreements. They walked through the streams in their shoes to talk to us.

Some of the rangers realized we couldn't environmentally affect the area and it was the only place in West Virginia that we could have a gathering of our size. They said it was a restricted area. I said "What about a special use permit?" They said "What's that thing?"

They knew what it was, but they didn't know we knew it. The Forest Supervisor Mummie said, "You know that's bullshit."

They wanted us on Gully Mountain but we camped and stayed where we were. Then I had a dream. So did Chuck Windsor, Tony Angel, Richard and Cloud. We dreamed there was shooting. An hour later, we were disappeared and gone from that spot. So we went over by the Virginia line and set up a seed camp and about 200 or 300 people came. We had a supply place and a kitchen. There's always problems with seed camps - alcohol and rowdy energy get to it. But we had it under control. We had a child born.

June 15, the situation had not improved. The government was definitely into getting us on Gully Mountain. We had no vehicles that could make it up that road. They said they would spend \$28,000 to repair that road.

Some of the people in the county brought a class action suit against us in Bluefield, Virginia. We decided if we went into that court, we didn't know what they were gonna say. We needed people actively sitting on the land. We got 30 volunteers to actually go on the Three Forks. We held a council at the Seed Camp to stall the government. They said categorically that we could only gather on Gully Mountain. That was at 10 a.m. But at 5 a.m. people had moved onto Three Forks.

We went into court. We were the defendants and so was the Forest Service. The suit was in the name of some citizens of the county. Their lawyers said, "What citizens of the county will pay the court costs if you lose?" They couldn't answer. The judge said we "had no class" and dismissed the Forest Service. The Forest Service gave us six tickets for camping violations. I treated it as a joke. We asked for them to withdraw and they withdrew and the gathering began.

About four o'clock in the morning, a dude drives up in a jeep looking for the gathering and he's all drunk out. I got somebody to guide him in. Then a conservation ranger came the next morning saying, "Hey, that jeep is stolen." He called the state police who were there in 45 minutes. The state policeman said, "Come here, boy." We thought of it as a set-up. It turned out the keys were in the jeep. The jeep belonged to Lakey Thompson of Greensboro, North Carolina. Most folks in the area knew we had been set up. We had a town council in Marlinton with the town council. We showed slides of other gatherings and said if people relaxed, we

would have a good gathering and the best place would be Three Forks because it was the only place with enough water, as everybody there knew. The Forest Service said Gully Mountain was the only place because it was remote. Then a little old lady stood up in the audience and said, "I don't know about the Rainbow people because we ain't met yet, but I do know about the Forest Service and anybody that's against the Forest Service, I'm for" and a lot of people applauded.

I went and met with Governor J.D. Rockefeller and shook his hand. The secretary of state called us "down-trodden drifters" and "shoddy characters." He said if the state couldn't do anything about the gathering the citizens could. The government wouldn't let us use any spot for a parking lot. Then Lakey and the boys from North Carolina come in their jeep at night. I saw them putting away guns. Then they came out shooting and shot seven rounds over our heads. They left and whipped back and fired six more rounds. We set up a main gate and did the best thing to do under the circumstances we got stoned.

The local people come from feuding blood and they understand guns. They came like old drunk Jesse. He said, "I'm drunk but I'm here. I'll park my car in the middle of the road and I've got my guns." We said "No guns." He said "Then I'll get my alcohol." We said "No alcohol." He said "You folks just ain't human."

Some of the West Virginia people came and said "If the Forest Service won't let you have a parking lot, we'll let you have a parking lot. We don't like the Forest Service." They let us have a parking lot 12 miles away.

One afternoon, June 26, three dudes riding in a car come from near Charleston, picked up two sisters and said they wanted to show them the beauty of the country. They executed them and left their bodies as a calling card near Charlie Herb's place. Within hours we knew who they were. The people who did this thing came to us and said "What are you gonna do now? Are you gonna riot or are you gonna run?" We didn't run and we didn't fight. We stood firm.

The rangers told us "The coal miners are gonna come kick ass on you." But the coal miners came up and told us "Hey, we're coal miners

and we aren't gonna do anything against you Rainbow people. We know what's going on."

There was about 6,000 to 8,000 people at the gathering. About 2,000 West Virginia hill people partied with us. And we liked that. They respected our way and left their guns in their cars, but they did bring some shine - it was sweet like brandy. And they did bring all kinds of hillbilly music and the town of Marlinton came with their square dance club and a keg of beer. Instead of having our people go to town to take care of our problem people, we sent crews to meet our neighbors. We met with everybody for miles. They liked us. Some of them took off their clothes and jumped in the river with us. The politicians like Governor Rockefeller went wild against us. It cost him ten million dollars instead of his usual one million to buy the West Virginia election. We like to think we were responsible for that.

The government said July 3 that we must have a permit. We drew up a proviso to treat the land with respect. We took it to a council and 1,500 people signed it. The government always wants to decide who they talk to. It is important that we retain our own autonomy, our own sovereignty in dealing with the government. The government still harassed people at the front gate. We were thinking at operations council about how we were going to have a clear landing at the front gate so our brothers and sisters wouldn't be met by the badge and gun club. We had Operation Space. We sent all our spacer characters to the gate, including the entire cast of Jesus Christ Superstar who had come. We told them to go along with what the government said but to do it slow.

We sent Bilbo the Bubble Man who is real hard core about playing games with the law. I said "Go for it, Bilbo. If you get busted, I'll get you out." Then I told Tony Crow to go out and tell the police when everything was in confusion, "Kick back in your bvs and let us deal with it." By noon, July 4, the gate was free.

We did the silence in the middle of the camp. It was a beautiful silence. At one point a lady went "Peace! Love! Revolution!" And there was this OM that drowned her out. We had all kinds of people

at the gathering - Communists, Yippies, anarchists, spiritualistic types, Eastern business people who were selling stuff at our altar [the silent circle]. About the trading trip - we had the worst council I ever was in. I saw a sister running away from a guy and he grabbed her. I said "Take your hands off her. That's my sister." He said she was stealing. She said she was disgusted because people were selling close to the altar and taking Master-Charge. It was like Haight-Ashbury when they were selling Love Burgers. It didn't get done until the Washington Gathering where there was a trading circle that was not an exploitive relationship. It was off to one side and was not close to the altar.

At West Virginia on July 2, Families Day, I stood up for the volunteers. I said "Everyone who has done something for the gathering, join me," and a whole bunch did which shows how many people took part in the work that year.

The peace demonstration at the Pentagon that year came to meet with us before they went to DC. Then the law enforcement came with the Pentagon guards. One of the rangers came with his shirt over his gun. We don't want law enforcement to bring guns in our place. We explained to the Pentagon guards, "We're peaceful people. We won't bring any guns to the Pentagon. We just want to have our march there."

At one point the state police said one of the brothers at the gathering was a suspect of killing the sisters on the road. He was zoned-on a trip. We got 13 witnesses to sign statements that he was at the gathering [at the time of the killings] - even a sister who slept with him. The state police knew and we knew who did it. The killers were brought to justice in 1982 and have since been released. We're still monitoring that case. We got long memories. These folks are really the scrapings of the bottom of the barrel. The rest of the folks in West Virginia weren't like that. They were good people. They're still gathering in West Virginia.

There were a lot of people who wanted to have the next gathering in Michigan and there was a rainbow that appeared. I said "There's 300 of you here in council and 290 of you I never seen before. Who's going to do a gathering in Michigan? What about all those brothers and sisters back west who wanted to have a gathering in Washington?" Later I went to Michigan and met with Johnny Light and the people who wanted to have the gathering there and they had no idea how much energy it would take to have the gathering in Michigan. And that's why we gathered in Washington.

The last thing to happen in West Virginia is when we went to court about our traffic. We spent five hours in court I guess because they got my warrant wrong. Forest Supervisor Mummie recommended they should put a million dollar bond on the next gathering. We decided - no more permits. We will agree to do our best to look after the land, but after that our rights of assembly are sacrosanct. We are a people. We are a culture. We're a guiding energy for the world. I think it's great there are gatherings starting all over the country. Gatherings are starting all over the world.

On July 9, 1980, 250 of us went to the Pentagon on the northeast face. We didn't have enough people to go around it. We didn't have enough people to go around it. We decided we were going to go from side to side of the Pentagon and do a ceremony at each side to shine light at the beast. We had a whole contingent of photographers - FBI, CIA, police. We sang "We Are the Children of the Rainbow Nation" by Wavy Gravy on one side. Then on the next side we made a human peace symbol directed at the Pentagon and on the next side we danced. Some of us took our clothes off. Our light pierced deep into that beast. The fact that we're alive and moving around is the strongest statement for peace.

There was about 25,000 to 30,000 people at the Washington Gathering. The meadows were beautiful. The water was bad. There was an epidemic of scigella. The Family started pulling together in Washington. We stopped the state police from coming into the gathering. There was a road right through the site. They wanted to drive their vehicles into the gathering, right up to the central fire. We laid our bodies down to

stop them. We could stop the police from driving in, but not our own crazies.

In 1982 there was a strange kind of unity at the Idaho Gathering and I think that brought on the rain. It rained every day. We were up to our ying in mud. There was also an eclipse of the moon.

I didn't go to the Michigan Gathering. I hear it was very mellow except for the mosquitoes. We got along the best we ever did with law enforcement.

California, 1984, was the first gathering we ever had sun from end to end. In California we had a work council, about 10 to 20 people. A brother said "I'm here for the shitters." We said, "All right brother, we'll get a shitter digging crew together for you."

He said, "But I can't find a shitter to dig. I've been around to all the camps and they all have shitters. I need to know where to go." That was the first gathering where we ever stayed caught up on our shitters. We're starting to get our counselling scene together.

We left the gathering and set up the Peace Encampment in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco - the first time that anyone has lived in Golden Gate Park since the 1906 earthquake. We set up the first tipi that I know of that anyone has ever lived in in Golden Gate Park. We fed a lot of people. Now we're on our way to the Republican convention in Dallas and we're stopping in Santa Cruz because one - we're broke and two - our rigs are broke down.

[After telling the story of the gatherings to a crowd in a Santa Cruz park, Barry passed the hat for contributions. I traveled with Barry Sunny, their children and Perry, Jim Lynch, Phil Coyote and Rock Against Reagan as far as Albuquerque. They went on to the demonstrations at the Republican Convention in Dallas. As of Halloween, 1984, Barry and Sunny and their children are living in Taos, New Mexico.]